

## MY VINE....For The Tribune

BY BELMIRA WALDO CAREY.

My Morning-Glory will not bloom,  
Ner longer clamber o'er the wall,  
The Winter-trees have come full soon  
To blast my vine, and it must fall.

I planted it when pastures green  
First grazed the knee and bleating sheep;  
When over sunny slopes were seen  
Milk-jars waking from their sleep.

And when from out the close damp earth  
It sprang, and strengthened every hour,  
In me a new delight had birth,  
As pure and simple as the flower.

Through all the Summer mornings gone  
I gave my vine the tenderest care;  
But my young hope was left alone  
Until it withered to despair.

So yester morn, when I awoke,  
And found my vine torn from the wall,  
No poor tears had I back to choke,  
No evil'd a greater fall.

## FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

XIII.  
CAIRO—PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY IN-  
TO CENTRAL AFRICA—DEPARTURE.  
Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Gizeh, on the Nile, Monday, Nov. 17, 1851.

For the last five days I have been so occupied, from morning till midnight, with the preparations for my journey into the interior, that no time remained to fulfill my duty to *The Tribune*. This afternoon at 4 o'clock, I sailed from Boulak, and my boat is now anchored for the night at Gizeh, opposite the Pyramids. To-morrow I shall visit them, and those of Sakkarah as well as the site of Memphis, and take the boat again at Bedracheyn, a village ten miles above this. But before going beyond the region of Post-Office and daily mail, I must give you some account of my preparations and my prospects.

On reaching Cairo, I found that the rumors had heard on the road respecting the number of travelers and the rise in the price of boats, were partially true. Not more than a dozen boats had left for Upper Egypt, but the price had been raised in anticipation. Mr. Degen, of New-York, who left about two weeks ago, was the first on the river, and to-day four boats bearing the American flag—those of the Messrs. Delane, Dr. Champlin and myself—left Boulak. The ship-carpenters and painters are busily employed all along the shore in renovating the old barks or building new ones, and the Beys and Pashas who own the craft are anticipating a good harvest this winter. Some travelers have paid £45 a month for their vessels, but I found little difficulty in getting a large and convenient boat, for two persons, at £20 a month. This price, which would be understood, includes the services of ten men, who find their own provisions, and only receive a gratuity in case of good behavior. The American Consul, Mr. Kahil, had kindly obtained for me the promise of a bark from Ismail Pasha, before our arrival—a superb vessel, furnished with beds, tables, chairs, divans, &c., which was offered at £30 the month, but it was much larger than we needed. In the course of my inspection of the fleet of barks at Boulak, I found several which might be had at £15 and £17 a month, but they were old, inconvenient and full of vermin. Our boat, the *Cleopatra*, has been newly cleansed and painted, and contains, besides a spacious cabin, with beds and divans, a sort of portico on the outside, with cushioned seats, where we proposed to sit during the balmy twilight, and smoke our cigarettes.

My companion as far as Assouan or Korocho, is the European of our triad. The Asian returns to-morrow to Smyrna, with an Abyssinian boy, whom he purchased in the slave bazaar for about £20. The little fellow received a certificate of his freedom at the Austrian Consulate, and seemed perfectly happy in his new white Turkish dress and red shoes. The European is one of the most agreeable fellow-travelers I ever met, and I count it a lucky day that brought us together. Nowhere is a congenial comrade so desirable as on the Nile. My friend appreciates the river, and even without the prospect of seeing Thebes, Ombos and Philæ, would cheerfully bear all the inconveniences and delays of the journey, for the Nile's sake alone. Commend me to such a man, for of the hundreds of tourists who visit the East there are few such.

The extent of my journey into the interior of Africa rendered a speedy departure from Cairo absolutely necessary. The trip to Khartoum occupies at least two months, and it is not safe to remain there later than the first of March, on account of the heat and the rainy season, which is very unhealthy for strangers. Capt. Peel, a son of Sir Robert Peel, who is now on his way thither, left about a month ago. Dr. Knobelcher, the Catholic Apostolic Vicar for Central Africa, left about the same time on his expedition to the sources of the White Nile. I therefore took but a single day to see the most prominent objects in Cairo—the Citadel, the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the Tombs of the Caliphs and the Island of Rhoda—and then began the work of preparation. In spite of the unfavorable predictions of friends and the innumerable delays which are unavoidable in dealing with the Egyptians, I have succeeded in five days in procuring every necessary for the trip in securing a dragoman, hiring a boat, and what is more, obliging the rais to sail at the appointed hour. We are now *en route*, and have every hope of making a swift and pleasant voyage.

The furnishing of a Nile boat requires considerable knowledge of house-keeping. The number of small articles required for this floating speck of civilization in a country of barbarians, is amazing to a bachelor. I had no idea that the art of cooking needed such a variety of tools and appliances, and for the first time in my life, conceive some respect for the fame of Ude and Sover. There are frying-pans and stew-pans; coffee-pots and tea-pots; knives, forks, spoons, towels, cups, ladies and boxes; butter, lard, flour, rice, maccaroni, oil, vinegar, mustard and pepper, and no end to the groceries. We must have a table and chairs, quilts and pillows, mats, carpets and napkins, and many other articles which I should never have thought of without the help of M. Pini, who keeps a general depot of supplies. His printed lists, in four languages, lighten the traveler's labor very greatly, and he well deserves the moderate profit which he is content to ask. His experience in regard to the quantity required, is also of much service, otherwise an inexperienced person would not know how to take twelve or fifty pounds of rice, nor how much sugar belonged to so much coffee. The expense of our outfit, including bread, fowls, mutton, charcoal, and every other requisite, was about two thousand piastres—a little more than \$100. The calculation was made for one month's provisions for two persons, and one month for one.

For my further journey after leaving the Nile, I was recommended to take a large supply, on account of the scarcity and expense of many articles in Upper Nubia and Sennar. I therefore purchased sufficient tea, coffee, flour, rice, biscuits, sugar, maccaroni and dried fruit to last me two months, beside a complete outfit, or supply

of articles necessary for life in the desert. I took an extra quantity of tobacco and coffee, for presents to the Arab sheikhs. The entire cost of the outfit was about nine hundred piastres. In addition, I procured a good Turkish tent for two hundred and fifty piastres, to which I added a supply of tent-poles, lantern-poles, water-skins and leather water-flasks, all these articles being procured to better advantage in Cairo. Fortunately the Turkish fashion of wearing European pantaloons has invaded Egypt, so I need not don the cumbersome baggy trousers of the country. A bournous of camel's hair, however, is necessary, as well as a sabre, a broad shawl of Tripoli silk, for the waist, and shoes of white leather, which are very cool and comfortable. I have also followed the custom of the European residents, in wearing my hair shorn close to the head, and having a white cotton skull-cap. Over this is drawn the red turtouch, or fez, and as a protection against the sun, a large white shawl is bound around it turban-wise. Among the desert tribes of the Ababdeh and Bishcharin, through which my road lies, it is polite to conform the dress somewhat to the Arab fashion.

Without a tolerable knowledge of Arabic, a dragoman is indispensable. True, Dr. Smith, an American, made his way through Syria and Palestine without one, and also without knowing the language, but out of the beaten tracks of travel, such an undertaking would be much more difficult. Capt. Peel not long since made a journey through the northern part of Arabia, without a single companion, and was very kindly received by the wandering tribes. He speaks Arabic, however, with facility. The few phrases I have picked up, on the way from Alexandria, would avail me little in Nubia, where either the Berber language, or a different Arabic dialect is spoken; and I therefore engaged a dragoman for the journey. This class of persons swarm in Cairo at present, and I had not been there a day before I was visited by half a dozen, who were anxious to make the trip to Khartoum. How they knew I was going there, I cannot imagine, but I found that they knew the plans of every traveler in Cairo as well. Among my visitors was an old man named Solyman Ali, who had been a servant of Champlin. I made choice of a dark Egyptian, born in the valley of Thebes. His name is Achmet, and from what I can learn, he is one of the best of his class. He speaks English and Italian, but one of the stipulations of our bargain is that he shall teach me Arabic. He dresses very handsomely, and has the faculty of making himself respected by the Arabs, a very necessary quality. Moreover, he is well acquainted with Latif Bey, the Egyptian Governor of Khartoum.

The American, English and Austrian Consuls have kindly given me letters to the principal consular agents and merchants in Khartoum. To Mr. Constantine Kahil, the American Vice-Consul, and Hon. Mr. Murray, the English Consul-General, I am especially indebted for favors which cannot fail to be of great assistance. Mr. Kahil has also given me letters to the Governors of Thebes, Assouan and Korocho, through which my journey through the Nubian Desert will be rendered secure. I anticipate no further trouble on the road than from hard-trotting camels, and brackish water, and the like privations, which are easily borne.

It is growing late, and our men are disposing themselves to sleep on the deck. We must be off at sunrise for the Pyramids, and have a long day's journey before us, if we visit also Sakkarah and Memphis. Our rais has anchored the *Cleopatra* beside a college of dervishes, and their unearthly chants, choruses, dances and clapping of hands, render a coherent letter next to impossible. Their wild cries and deep, monotonous bass howlings so fill my ears, that I cannot choose but listen, though both my friend and I are weary and drowsy with the great labor and excitement of getting our boat under way. I shall reserve my impressions of Cairo till I find again the leisure and quiet of Nile life. This will be taken to Cairo to-morrow by my donkey-boy, Kish, who has brought his donkeys to Gizeh for our ride to the Pyramids. Kish is a jewel of a donkey-driver, and I recommended him to the favor of the travelers.—The dervishes are howling worse than ever, and I must, perforce, stop writing. Good night!

## LETTERS OF AN EXILE.—No. XIX

NOBLE VIRTUES AMONG THE TURKS.  
Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

FROM MY RESIDENCE IN ASIA MINOR, Nov. 1, 1851.

If I had nothing else to say about Turkish notions of domestic happiness but what concerns the family life of the higher classes, I should have shunned the subject. But there is no law, no religion, no custom, no state of society corrupted or corrupting enough to suffocate or eradicate all that is good in the human heart, and it is always a pleasant, a comforting sight to behold, in the very depth of savage or of artificial depravity, the likeness of those virtues that we call saintly, and which we are accustomed to consider as the ultimate result of perfect civilization, mingled together with the influences of Divine inspiration. The voice of God it is, which teaches the same holy precepts in every respect so dissimilar from each other, and gives to those who follow them the same recompense of inward peace, and of inviolable satisfaction. But that voice speaks all languages, and accommodates itself to all intelligences, and to the external circumstances which surround men. It is enough for it that the heart to which it is directed be a simple and a true one, and be assured, wherever and in whatever condition you find such a heart, the virtues which adorn the noblest specimens of humanity will be found in it.

Such hearts I have found in Turkey. The men to whom they belonged were nursed and bred in the Mussulman faith, and consider woman as a servant and a plaything, a little better, perhaps, than a dog, but much inferior to a horse. To take as many of these playthings as one could maintain, to dispense their feelings, to scorn their affections, to throw them aside when they are worn out, such is the Mussulman's creed toward womanhood. A young man marries an old woman when the old woman has some fortune, or when she still has some remnant of beauty. Does he think of the burden that will weigh upon him self a few years later? No. There is no such thing for a Turkish husband. The next day after his marriage, if his wife were only rich, and some time later, if she be still handsome, the young husband will completely neglect her. He will not deceive her; he will not try to dissimulate his disgust for his old wife, and his propensity for new ones. He will take no more notice of his wife than if she had never been; a new one, a young one will take her place, and the poor victim will live and die in solitude and scorn. And the young man, if he is rich, will not content himself with having united his fate to that of a woman of his own age and of his inclinations; he will go on, taking a new one every six or seven years, and when he himself grows old, decrepit, infirm, an object sight, he will not blush to take to his bosom a young girl, a child, or more than one, if death does not

forbid. And yet such a man is capable of being a most exemplary man, a very paragon of domestic virtue, a model to all husbands and all fathers.

How does it happen, then, that in the vicinity of such examples of Mussulman morality, you may see a healthy and vigorous man of forty married from his youth to a weak, sickly valetudinarian, who has never made him a father, nor ever will, who requires constant and assiduous cares, and offers in exchange but a sorrowful and unpleasant companion? How is it that the husband does not send this burden to the gentleman without a name, instead of bearing it? But I mistake. He does not bear it. If he felt it as a burden, he would lay it aside. But what duty hinders him? What fear of the world's judgment? I asked the question, "How does it happen that you, a Mussulman, with your ideas upon marriage, with your ardent desire for children, have not long since chosen a healthier and more agreeable wife?" "I love this one," continued he, "and have loved her from my first youth. She has made me as happy as she could; would it be just and fair to ask more of her? Certainly, I could get another wife, and be a father, which would be a great happiness for me; but in looking for better I might find still worse. And, besides, I should have given this one a greater pang than all her maladies. She would weep and be unhappy. Better so, better so. I am contented," concluded he cheerfully.

And I was contented too, because I was sick of the high-life way of considering the matter. I turned to the wife, and could not help telling her, "You ought to love your husband dearly, and to feel grateful to him for his fidelity." "And so I do," was her verbal answer, while her looks said much more. Yes, she ought to feel proud and grateful, much more than any civilized woman to her civilized mate for the same consideration. For the Turkish husband is perfectly free from religious restraint, and free from the restraint of public opinion, and if he allows the tears of his wife to fetter him, those tears draw their power nowhere but from themselves.

I shall never forget an old couple who came one morning to consult me about the blindness of its weaker member. The husband, a fine old man of the pure race, wore the ancient Asiatic garb, the flowing garments, the flowing beard, the wide white turban, and although his eyes were black and brilliant and his person erect and yet vigorous, he led after him a shabby donkey, which was ridden by the invalid. The old lady was not only blind, but she was a cripple, had lost the human shape, did not speak but stammered unintelligibly, growled, grumbled and suffered. When she was taken from the saddle, her husband had to carry her till he seated her upon the ground, then arranged her dress, told her something to comfort her, and then turned toward me, who had stood a silent spectator of this. "What do you expect me to do with your wife?" said I. He requested that I would call the sun to rise again before her eyes, which was impossible to me, the old lady being afflicted with the cataract. "Do you come from afar?" I asked. "Three days' journey," was the answer. "Well," said I, "you don't lack courage; go on still further to a town where there is a surgeon, and I dare say he will undertake the cure." "Well, if I can persuade her to come, I will go." "Are you not the master?" I inquired. "The master, yes, I dare say I could be, but who can be so rude as to make her do a thing she dislikes; she is so unhappy!" And he wiped away a true tear.

"Is it a long time since such a misfortune befell her?" I inquired. "Ten years." "And are you alone to take care of her? Have you no children?" "We have several, but they are all married, have families and houses of their own; so that we are alone; but never mind, we are contented with each other, though alone, I can nurse her." And he nursed her indeed, and an amiable invalid was she to be nursed—ever complaining, ever upbraiding, ever weeping; but he did not seem to be sensible of it. When dinner was served, he never tasted food till she had done, putting the spoon and the glass to her mouth, answering her inquiries, and soothing her ruffled temper. Once she seemed to grow quite intolerable; she grumbled more than usual, shook her shoulders, tried to turn her back to him and was very angry. But he went on caressing her, and entreating her to refrain till they should be alone, and then he begged of me to excuse her on account of her terrible sufferings. Whether it was the allusion to her sufferings that moved her, I know not; but she relented, asked pardon, and shed tears. He put his hand upon her lips to stop her apologies, and profited by the momentary fit of submission to make her depart. He thanked me for my sincerity, for the good advice I had given him, and went away. I saw them ascend one of the mountains which closes my valley from the eastern world, cheerfully dragging his frail after him, stopping from time to time, as if to rest, but in truth to address some words to his old companion. "God bless you!" fervently said my heart; "Turk as you are, savage as you must still remain, ignorant as you are doomed to be; God bless you, and may many more of my sisterhood find such a husband as you." And God had blessed him to a certainty, since the best feelings in the human heart were his. CHRISTINE TRIVELIZIO of BELGIUM.

Aid to Hungary.  
The meeting on the 14th inst. at Trenton, N. J., has produced a powerful effect, and the resolutions now before the Legislature sympathizing with the mission of Kossuth will without doubt pass.

The Legislature of Maine and Massachusetts have promptly expressed their sentiments with regard to intervention. A movement has also begun in the Ohio Legislature. The Legislature of Indiana has also spoken.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of Hungary was held in Augusta, Carroll Co., N. J., on the 10th inst. The citizens of Tuscarora Co., N. C., held a meeting at New Philadelphia on the 10th inst.

The people of Berks Co., Pa., held a very large meeting on the 10th inst. at Reading.

A meeting of the citizens of Beaver Co., Pa., was held on the 9th inst., at the Court House, and it was agreed to participate in the Pittsburgh reception of Kossuth.

MORMONISM IN NORWAY.—A disturbance has recently taken place in Oesterruener, a Norwegian village, on account of the conversion to Mormonism among some of its inhabitants. Three families having embraced the principles of that sect, the populace determined to get rid of them in the most summary manner, and assaulted them in their own houses. The military were called out, the police summoned the rioters to disperse, but without effect, and the soldiers were about to fire on the crowd.

A lumber-passer, in his robes, threw himself between the troops and the people. This worthy ecclesiastic addressed the rioters, saying that one of the greatest sins was intolerance,—that Christ commanded to love our neighbor as ourselves,—and that if we believed other men were in error, we should seek to restore them to the true path by kindness and charity. These conciliatory words had the desired effect. The mob dispersed, and there has been no disturbance since.

LOPEZ RESPIRED.—We learn that Gov. Hunt has granted a respite of 90 days in the case of Antonio Lopez, who was to have been executed on Friday next.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"WESLEY AND METHODISM," by ISAAC TAYLOR. 12mo pp. 328. Harper & Brothers.

This able volume is devoted to a philosophical exposition of the principles of Methodism, considered as a remarkable phenomenon in religious history. Regarding the movement started by the field-preaching of Wesley and Whitefield in the middle of the last century as the commencement of the present religious epoch, the author goes back to its origin, traces the causes of its vitality, unfolds the successive phases of its progress, and analyzes the nature of its connection with the present and future. His sketches of the character of the founders of Methodism are drawn with profound discrimination, and great breadth of portraiture. Compared with this elaborate production, the labors of Southey, and other writers on the subject, are superficial and unsatisfactory.

"HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," by W. H. BARTLEY. Part I. This is the commencement of a new history of the United States, issued by a London publisher, reaching from the Discovery of North America to the present time. Making no pretensions to original research, it is a faithful and elegant compilation from the most important standard works on American history. It is recommended to popular use by the clearness and vivacity of its style, as well as by the accuracy of its statements. Written in a spirit of fair appreciation of the position and character of the American Republic, it is well-suited for circulation in England, nor can it be read by our own citizens without satisfaction and advantage. We trust it will find a friendly welcome in this country. (George Virtue)

"CLEANINGS AND GROUPINGS FROM A PASTOR'S PORTFOLIO," by REV. JONAS N. DANFORTH. A volume of miscellaneous gatherings, composed of devotional exercises, literary criticisms, personal sketches, and picturesque descriptions. It contains something adapted to almost every variety of taste, and is uniformly of an elevated tone of thought and sentiment. Several of the sketches of character have great merit, and will be read with interest, especially by those who knew the originals. (12mo pp. 360. A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL," for JANUARY, with a vigorous article on "Centralization," by Henry C. Carey, in which he shows that the objections to that system maintained by Kossuth apply in full force to the commercial policy of Great Britain. This number is embellished with a portrait of Mr. Carey, and also contains a brief sketch of his life and writings. The usual amount of agricultural matter is presented in quite an interesting shape. (Myron Finch)

"LIFE, SLEEP AND PAIN," is the title of a collection of Essays, by SAMUEL HENRY DIXSON, treating of various topics connected with physiological science, in a popular rather than a technical manner. A profusion of anecdote and illustration makes the work one of considerable attraction to the general reader. (12mo pp. 301. Blanchard & Lea)

"SKETCHES OF LIFE AND LANDSCAPE," by the REV. RALPH HOLT. (8vo. C. Shepard & Co.) We welcome another edition of these poems, which have won a worthy place in American literature, by their quaint originality of expression and their beauty and tenderness of sentiment.

"THE MOURNER'S FRIEND," edited by J. B. SYRIS. A selection of devotional pieces in prose and verse, intended as a suitable companion to the afflicted. (Worcester. S. A. Howland)

"THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE," for JANUARY, has a long notice of Hon. Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, with a sketch of his labors in the anti-liquor cause. (P. T. Sherlock)

"SPONKER'S 'DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS,'" in the second and third numbers, bids fair to be a very convenient book of reference. (G. P. Putnam)

"KOSSUTH IN ENGLAND," A London publication (sold by Dexter & Co.) containing a biographical sketch of Kossuth and his speeches in England.

The Philadelphia Magazines. "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE," for Feb., holds out a conspicuous programme on the cover, which enables the long reader to anticipate the good things in store for him, without groping through the entire contents of the number. This is a great improvement on the former barbarous practice of concealing the subjects of the articles and the names of the writers, until after a tedious search. If good words need to be hushed, a good Magazine needs a Table of Contents. Why Graham held out nothing but that essential appendage we never could divine. His February number is capital. A fine collection of names graces his list of contributors. Henry W. Herbert, John S. Dwight, G. P. R. James, Wm. C. Hosmer, Miss Spurr, Mary Howitt are among them. "Graham's Small Talk" is a new feature, and so is that of selections from the current literature of the day.

"SARANT" presents a rare and rich variety both of embellishment and letter press—a perfect whiteness of gayeties and gravities. Parasols abound with racy stories, and with poetry which is not racy. (Dewitt & Davenport)

RHODE ISLAND.—The Opposition State Nominating Convention is to be held at Providence on the 29th inst. State officers are to be nominated and Delegates chosen to a National Convention.

Executions in Canton.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Canton, a letter of interest, by Mr. T. T. Meadows, translator to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate in China, descriptive of the execution of 24 rebels, or bandits, which took place on the 20th July last. After a description of the place of execution, which was secured by a strongly guarded door, and after stating that more than 20 human beings have been put to death in the same place within the past eight months, Mr. Meadows states that he was accompanied by a British and English residents at Canton, and found there a few of the lower officials. The only preparation visible was a cross, fixed up for the infliction of the highest legal punishment, and a large number of soldiers, who were to be of service in case of a riot.

The executioners were introduced, most of them walking to their places, but many carried in baskets, and tumbled out on the spot appointed for them, where they lay powerless, either from the excess of fear or from treatment inflicted during the trial and imprisonment. A man stood behind each criminal, and passed him in a kneeling position by grasping his hands, which were bound behind his back. In case of resistance, which happens very rarely, the criminal's leg is held by a second assistant, and dragged forward by force, so as to keep the neck extended. When all the criminals were placed in the required position, the executioner seated a table with both hands, and proceeded to his work. The present instance the man was a mild-looking soldier, selected from the ranks of the army. The sword was a common razor of three feet in length, and of the same width, and was held in the right hand, the left hand being used to steady the blade. The sword was raised, and the executioner, after a few moments' preparation, sent them for the purpose to the executioner, who has thus a sufficient power to execute the sentence. The executioner was disappointed on the occasion described was 35, and the executioner took up a fresh sword as soon as he felt the edge of the one employed becoming dull. This was usually the case after cutting off two or three heads. When all were ready, a soldier stood firm, with his legs somewhat apart. On hearing the word "Pan" pronounced by the other superintendent, and after a sharp order, "Don't flinch," the executioner, with a full strength of both arms, giving additional force to the blow by dropping his body perpendicularly to a sitting posture. The first blow cut off the head, and the second cutting off the neck. The third blow, which was a blow of the sword, cut off the head of the next, and in some cases less than three minutes the whole 35 were beheaded. The head in every case but the first being completely severed, and the body of the man, who was a common laborer of three feet in length, and of the same width, and was held in the right hand, the left hand being used to steady the blade. The sword was raised, and the executioner, after a few moments' preparation, sent them for the purpose to the executioner, who has thus a sufficient power to execute the sentence. The executioner was disappointed on the occasion described was 35, and the executioner took up a fresh sword as soon as he felt the edge of the one employed becoming dull. This was usually the case after cutting off two or three heads. When all were ready, a soldier stood firm, with his legs somewhat apart. On hearing the word "Pan" pronounced by the other superintendent, and after a sharp order, "Don't flinch," the executioner, with a full strength of both arms, giving additional force to the blow by dropping his body perpendicularly to a sitting posture. 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